

Streets of Mombasa

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Category: Halo

Genre: Sci-Fi, Suspense

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-05-05 05:47:42

Updated: 2013-07-19 05:07:20

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:13:48

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,207

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The covenant have ravaged through the universe, finally discovering Earth. The metropolis mega city; New Mombasa is now occupied by the covenant. Marines and policeman alike are trying to evacuate before they glass the area. Note: The events take place during Halo 3:ODST.

1. Occupied City Center

Streets of Mombasa

24:00 hours/12 September, 2552/military calendar

Earth, Sol System-Occupied city center of new Mombasa

The streets were dark, empty. The only sounds that you can hear were the sirens flaring throughout the city and the occasional phantom that would fly by. This city was once booming with human life, people started evacuating as fast as they could when the first covenant vessel blew through our defenses. Very few actually made it out. The marines of the United Nations Space Control were dropped into action, defending the metropolis from the covenant. It became a survival situation sometime in the middle of the day. Most of the marines were killed in the first hour of the invasion. The city's police were dispatched to back up the marines, scattered throughout the city, were marines and police officers alike trying to survive and evacuate the city.

In the beginning of the day, Special Forces were dropped to attack a covenant vessel, the ship made a slip-space jump and knocked out all circuits through the city's power grid. These Special Forces were Orbital Drop Shock Troopers. The best the UNSC had, aside from the Spartan project. They were scattered throughout the city, some died on the impact and others were fighting trying to repel the enemy forces.

I am not an ODST, but just a marine. My name is Corporal Andrew

Jenkins. I'm wandering through the streets right now, trying to find a way out without getting killed.

I looked up into the night sky, flames were off in the horizon, they let off a glow that reflected off rain clouds in the distance. Trickle of rain would tap on my helmet, dripping off to the sides. The whine of a phantom flew overhead, I ducked behind my cover. It was a barrier to a balcony; it had several burn marks on the opposite side of me. A dead soldier was behind me, his flesh scorched. I turned to the body and crouch walked over to him. I patted his pockets to see if he had any ammo that was usable. My Sub machine gun was down to the last clip.

I felt something bulge in his pocket, shoving my hand in there and pulled out two clips for an assault rifle. I sighed and turned around. The phantom that flew overhead circled around and dropped off several grunts. They weren't the main force of the covenant. They were usually sent to deplete our ammo, then they would send in the big troops. They carried a plasma pistol, it shot green balls of plasma energy. It could melt right through a steel titanium alloy. It's what probably killed the poor guy I just scavenged.

I shouldered the SMG and hunched over to the edge of the balcony I was at. The grunts below had no idea where I was. They did have a knowledge I was around, they sniff in the air. My odor was apparently really strong, especially since they could smell me through the slight moisture in the air. I peaked over the edge and saw them walking towards me, they were looking behind things. Not really up where I was at.

I bent back down and walked further down the balcony, it led to a bridge that went across the streets below me. The other side was a street that led to trayazi plaza. Cautiously walking over to the other side, I kept an eye on those grunts. They kept heading in the opposite direction from me, not looking behind them. I reached the other side and went down a flight of stairs. At the bottom was several dead troops, one did have a SMG strapped to him. I pulled the clip out of the gun and another clip from his pockets.

Their bodies were not burnt, they had several spikes that were sticking out of them. Blood was forming a trail in the gutters, slightly diluted by the rain water. I pulled the dog tags from their necks and wrapped them around mine. I kept heading down the streets, every other car was turned over on it's side. The streets only had the sound of sirens flaring. The police cars were almost completely charred, bodies would be burnt in the seats. They died struggling to run from the covenant.

I walked up a elevated street for about fifty meters when a district wall was the only thing in my way. It lead to district 1, it was where a drop pod landed during the height of the day. I didn't have clearance to the level. I needed a way to contact Virgil, the cities AI. He controlled the cities systems such as security. I looked around for the keypad to type in the last code I knew to access the districts. It was centered in the door, the screen glowed green, meaning it was safe to pass through. I typed in the code into the pad. The screen flashed yellow and the latches holding the door shut hissed. The door slid open for two meters before it jammed. I walked through the tiny hole and to the other side.

This side was full of wreckage of war, covenant tanks were destroyed, blue flames exiting from the back. Marines were mangled with bodies of civilians and several brutes. I walked over to the destroyed tank, the marines that ran from Reach alive, called these Wraiths, for that is what you become if you see one shooting at you. I climbed up on top of the wraith and looked inside of the cockpit. There were only the destroyed remains of a brute sitting in what used to be the gunner's seat. I jumped off and landed with a thud.

I got up to my feet and looked back at the tank. The flames just eating away whatever fuel supply the covenant used. I turned back around and headed back along the road, Rain still falling on me, soaking my battle dress uniform.

I walked to the exit of district 1, the exit led to district 4. I punched in the code, the screen flashed red.

"Are you trying to kill me virgil," I said allowed.

Virgil replied, "Warning, roads closed to coastal highway."

I hit the door with a fist; the door hissed and slid wide open. "Access granted." The AI said after. I pondered in confusion on why the AI decided to change his mind. I shrugged off the thought and pressed onward. Just five meters from the district entrance was a squad of jackals.

I had to think fast on how to take these guys out; I had a rough three hundred sixty four rounds for my SMG. That was barely enough to take down a squad of brutes. I looked back at the bird like creatures, they had a hunch on how they walked, eyes that looked reptile. They carried blue shields that covered most of their body, the generator was mounted on their wrists. It could be easily destroyed with a hit with an elbow, but it would actually make my wrist probably have third degree burns.

I chose to attack them; the jackals were in a line surveying the streets. I was behind them. I ran to police car, one jackal turned. Looking to where the scuffling was. I slid down and behind the car. I peaked up through the glass and saw the squad. Only one was watching their six. I bent back down and crouch walked over to the trunk of the car. They kept heading off in the opposite direction. I peered over the edge of the car and vaulted over, sprinting to a balcony so, that I could get a surveying view of Kizingo Boulevard. The jackals kept heading off, the rear keeping a close I on my position. Just keeping an I on me, the plasma pistol they carried started lighting up. The plasma discharged and fired towards me, I quickly sprinted towards a pillar that held up the floor for the second floor. The plasma burst sizzled the air as it passed just inches from my head. I splashed onto the wall behind me, leaving a scorch mark that was about two inches into the wall.

I shouldered my weapon and looked out from the balcony; the weapon released fifteen suppressed rounds into the rear jackal. The armor piercing bullets hit his hand with weapon. The creature flinched, dropping his main cover. I fired twenty more rounds and the creature fell, purple blood spraying from the exit wound. The lead jackals heard the plasma pistol discharge. They turned and fired green blobs of energy. The air was crackling from the plasma; I felt a part of despair when I hunkered down back behind the pillar. These mini fire

balls from hell will soon just burn through my pillar.

I primed a grenade and tossed it to the streets. Hoping to hit them, the explosion went off, not killing anything.

"It seems you need some help, I'm coming in from the far end of your position." A female voice said in the comms. Two sniper rounds discharged, exploding the heads of the bird like creatures. The remaining three jackals turned around and fired the plasma rounds into the direction of the fire. I popped out and fired coughed short round bursts into their backs. The rounds went straight through, blood splattering and vaporizing onto the blue shields.

"Hello?" I replied back in the comms.

"I'm coming to you, don't move."

I looked back over the edge and saw a humanoid figure running through the streets. I felt a little more relieved when I heard the voice. I thought I was the only one that was probably left in New Mombasa. She sprinted across the street from me on jumped up the wall to the balcony I was at. "A little hand?" she asked, struggling to pull herself up. I got up and walked over to her, I reached out my hand and she grasped it. I pulled her up and turned on my helmet flashlight. She had scars on her face; some scars had blisters, probably pretty fresh from third degree burns. She had green eyes, her brown hair in a pony tail. Her rank was corporal as well.

"Nice to see another face," I said, "Are you trying to get out of the city as well?"

"Yes, I'm going to coastal highway, There's going to be an evac site in the whereabouts. I'm heading the right direction, correct?" She replied.

"I believe so, my map got screwed up. It's almost unreliable." A whine of a phantom flew ahead. I quickly turned off the flash light and grabbed her shoulder to get down. I put my finger to my lips signaling her to be quiet. The grunt manning the turret was very suspicious of our position. He kept scanning the balcony. The drop ship dropped three brutes down. I signaled her to move down the balcony. She nodded and crouch walked down the strip of concrete. The brutes let off a howl; they walked down the streets parallel from us. The brutes were about 3.5 meters tall. They had a coat that absorbed almost all ammo that we could throw at them. Luckily it was only three of them, the odds of us against them were still outnumbered, but it could be possible.

The corporal got up a little bit and peered over the edge after the phantom left. She carried a pistol and a sniper rifle. She shouldered the sniper up and aimed at one of the brutes.

"Wait 'till I get into position." I whispered.

I continued walking down the strip of concrete until the only way to continue was to turn left, I vaulted over the edge and went up against the wall holding the balcony. "I'm ready." I said.

The corporal fired two quick rounds, the first rounds knocked out the shields that overlaid their thick fur. I popped out and fired short

rounds bursts into the lead brute. He howled and dropped his main weapon, He charged after me with full might. I went back behind cover and ran up a slope of street. The brute was quickly behind me, I felt an intense amount of pressure on my back. I flew to the left about three yards. I felt my body go through intense pain. The brute jumped up onto the balcony, right at my feet. I felt a sudden strike of adrenaline go through me. He picked me up from the armor plates on my chest, I was suspended in the air. The corporal ran out from the main streets and saw my ordeal from the left. She fired a round straight through the brutes head. Blood went over my face, I flinched as the alien released his grip from me.

2. Leaving the city

I hit the floor, the previous pain of the brute hitting me made my back pretty painful. The corporal sped walked to me, pulling a bio foam canister from her back satchel. I felt my eyes becoming tough, hard to move around from pain.

"I can't find a wound." She informed, "Lets get you up." She cupped my armpit and helped pulled me to my feet.

I grunted in pain, it felt more internal than external. My ribs were probably pretty bruised. I finally got to my feet, "Thank you," I said with effort. I bent down to pick up my SMG. The pain was really intense. The corporal Straightened me up and picked it up for me.

I pointed to a district wall off in the distance, in big letters it read "coastal highway". "Head in that whereabouts," I ordered. She nodded, dropping her sniper rifle to hang from the sling, she withdrew her pistol, Leading the way. I clipped my sling to the SMG. Let it hang from my neck and followed. The rain in the skies started slowing, the thunder was still prevalent. The storm finally passed, dawn was coming. We walked down the ramped road, where I was smacked off my feet. I kept very close to the Corporal. She made frequent stops, the whine of a nearby phantom would be heard. She would look up into the night sky, trying to spot it. We were fifteen meters from the district door. When we noticed the sound of a motor running.

"Corporal, you hear that?" I asked. She looked behind us, the sound became louder and louder. Then a mongoose was seen driving through the war-torn streets. The driver seemed to be armored. He had a helmet, I couldn't tell from here if he was a Spartan or an ODST. He took a right and headed the way we came from.

"I wonder where he is heading," The corporal said, She turned to me "Jennifer Adlitz is my name."

I was still looking in the direction of the mongoose. "Oh," I looked back at her, "I just need to call you Corporal." I stated.

We continued again up on the district door, then she spoke again, "I just thought that you might have wanted to know the name of the last person you'll see if we die."

I walked up and punched in the code to the district, "Yeah, but I'm not going to die. And I'll be damned if I let someone die by the covenant. Just thought I'd let you know that." The door hissed and

opened wide open. I stepped into the new district, this place has seen better days. The Covenant was in several intersections, putting blockades over the whole street. I hunkered down and crouched walked to my right, I signaled Jennifer to stay low. I continued my way to a police car, Jennifer followed me and got down next to me.

"Corporal, hand me your rifle," I ordered, "Take this SMG and these rounds. I'll cover you, I can't move as fast as you can right now."

Jennifer nodded in understanding; she crouched walked up to a civilian car. I peeked my head through a melted glass window. The brutes were sniffing the air, they were more easy to see. The sun was breaking the horizon a little bit. I could see more features than a silhouette. They were looking in our direction, the creature spoke something to his small squad of grunts. They quickly dropped a barricade in the street and turned on the plasma shield.

"Corporal, be ready on my mark." I said into comms.

I looked down the scope of the rifle, the high-tech scope gave readings of how far the target was the center cross hair was looking at, and in the sides I could see the temperature and moisture. One that wasn't a sharp-shooter would have no clue; those factors really change a bullet's trajectory. I moved the reticle onto the head of the brute. I slowly squeezed the trigger. My shot was a lucky one, the energy shields that overlaid the creature flashed then flickered. The head exploded, brain fragments shooting out the other side. Jennifer popped up from her position and fired short dispersed rounds into the grunts. The aliens were startled from my rifle shot, running around. In the confusion some just pulled grenades from their belts. A blue flame ignited from the object, then they ran towards Jennifer.

I quickly moved the sights over to the suicidal grunt, I fired the rest of my clip into him. He dropped face first into the floor. The grenades fell from his grip, then discharged. The plasmatic explosion melted a crater into the street, blowing cars into the air. I ducked behind the car, the melted asphalt from the streets was more than shrapnel, it was like flying lava. The streets melted with the heat, making all fragments of asphalt into melted rock. I heard the sizzling of the road hit the other side of my cover.

I popped up, checking to see if the Corporal was ok. She was brushing off some of the asphalt. I walked up to her. "Coastal highway is this way," I informed. I pointed in the only street that wasn't blocked from the plasma barricades. It was a garage door, on the front had several plasma burns. Jennifer walked over to the door and looked for an entrance button. I was close behind, taking a further look of it. I noticed another keypad. I headed towards it and entered my code. The garage door slid open, revealing what was on the other side.

Marines and policeman were busy prepping several war-torn wart hogs. Jennifer walked up to a vehicle and jumped into the passenger seat. I dropped the rifle I had in my hands and walked up to the warthog the corporal was in. I could see in her eyes she saw a bit of hope for getting out. I put my hand on a handle on sat into the backseat of the transport.

"Marines, let's get going." A CO called out. A policeman climbed into the driver side of the warthog and started the engine. The District gate, was the only thing now that separated us from the actual highway itself. A hiss was heard and

End
file.